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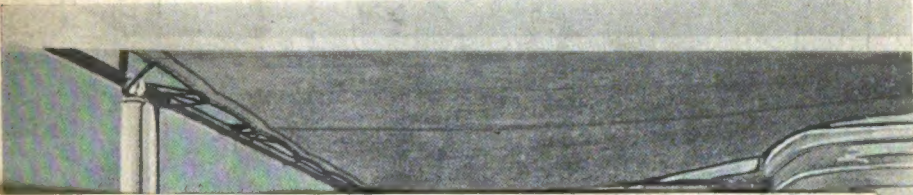
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The AEROGRAM

VOLUME VII

JANUARY, 1912.

NUMBER 1



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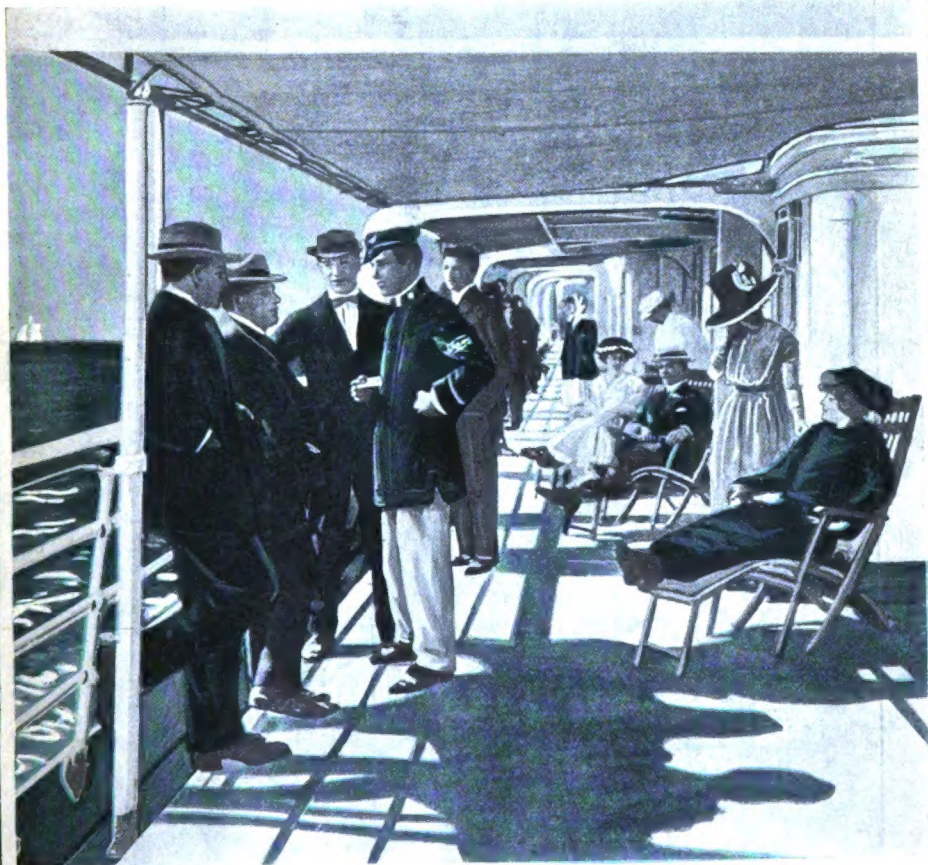
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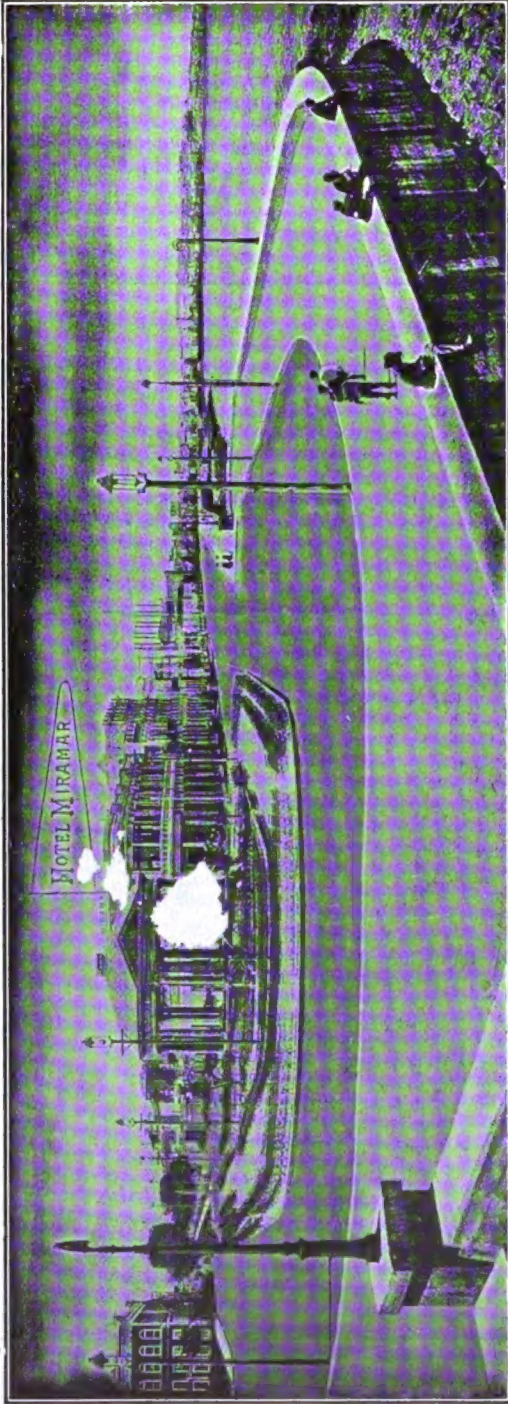
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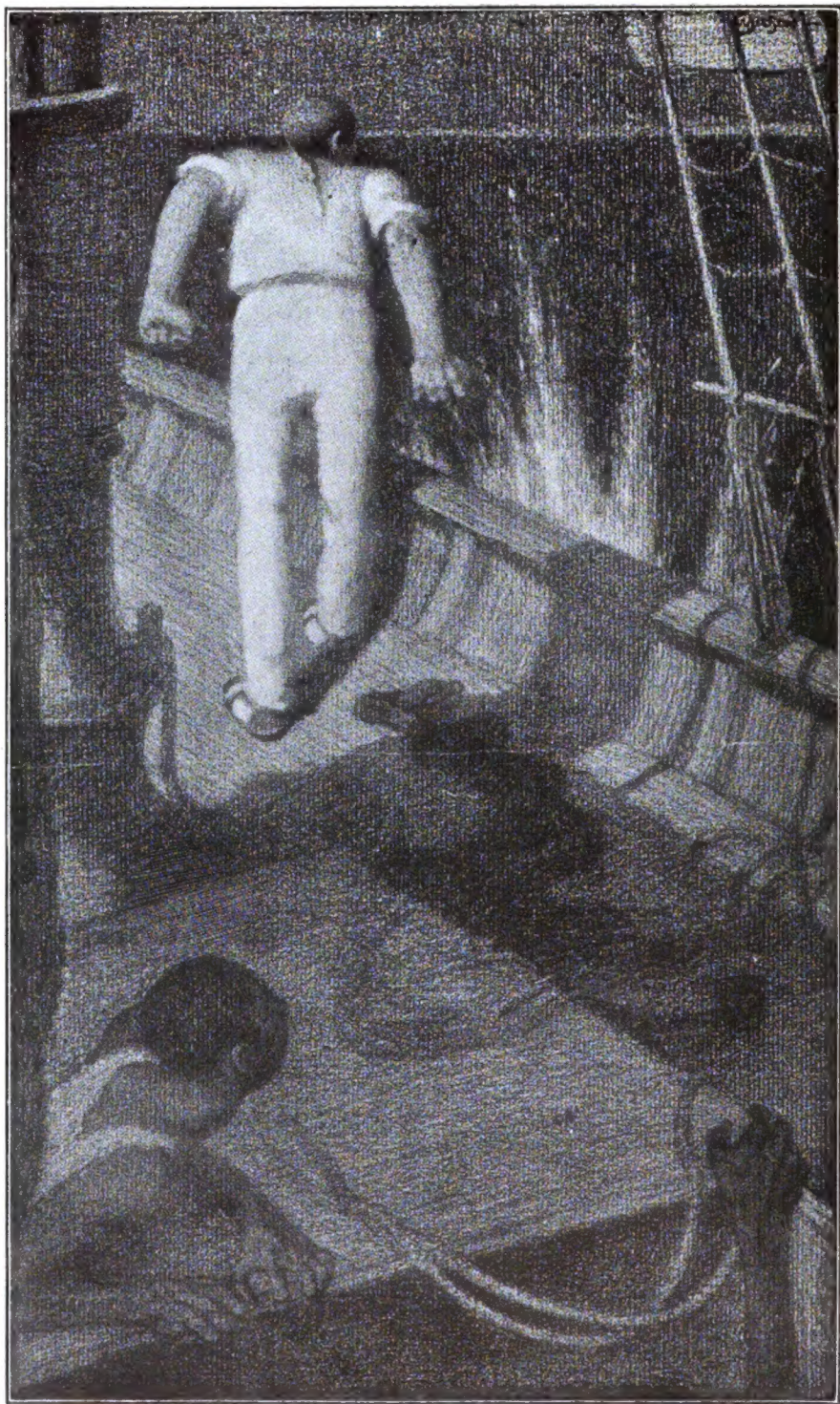
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THE AEROGRAM

VOLUME VII

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NUMBER 1

THE FAILURE

By James Hopper

Illustrated by J. Coggeshall Wilson.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1912

OUT of the deadly stupor that encased him as a leaden coffin, Burke started with a gurgling cry. He thought that somebody was driving a red-hot poker into his eyeballs. He found only that the flaming globe of the rising sun had just emerged over the lorch's bow bulwarks and was burrowing his face with its feverish rays. He rolled clumsily down the sloping deck to a spot where a flop of dirty sail gave shade and there he lay weakly on his back, motionless.

The change gave him little comfort. His eyes throbbed hotly, his throat was as if scraped raw, and his mouth was fevered. A circle of iron seemed riveted around his head and his whole body vibrated to a mad dance of all his nerves. At last he could stand it no longer. He sat up and looked about him desperately, then crawled to the scuppers and picked up a flask lying there. He held it up against the sun. It was empty. With a curse he hurled it into diamond-dust against the bulwarks.

He sat there a moment, glassy-eyed, then rose with a trembling effort and groped aft to the cabin. He had to kick a mangy dog out of the way and to step over a squalid baby, but finally he fell on his knees in a corner and eagerly searched beneath the bamboo bench that followed the wall on three sides. He rolled a dirty bundle out of the way and pulled a demijohn toward him. He lowered the mouth tentatively till a few drops of the fiery white beno wet the palm of his hand, then, with a cry between a sob and a snarl, like that

of a starving dog closing in on a bone, he raised the jug to his lips and drained the dregs in four big gulps. His trembling fingers opened and the demijohn fell to the floor with a crash.

A faint color came to his cheeks and his body straightened. He searched his pockets with feverish fingers and drew a soiled cigarette paper and a pinch of tobacco. He rolled a cigarette, lit it, and went out on deck. A breath of wind, sweet with the fruity smell of crude sugar, struck him in the face, and he noticed for the first time what had been true since his awakening—that the lorch had come to a standstill and that the white roofs of Manila were glistening before him.

The sight did not seem to quicken him into action. He strolled down the deck and sat on the bulwarks, his legs dangling above the quay. He inhaled the smoke deeply two or three times, then his back humped and his eyes narrowed like those of a purring cat.

This lethargy of bliss did not last long. Slowly something forced itself into it with the insistence of a question-mark. On the quay, almost beneath his feet, there were four long, black boxes, ranged symmetrically in a row, each with its long, black cover by its side. At first they said nothing to his half-stupid contemplation, but gradually they took on something mysterious and awesome. They were so regular, so oblong, so respectable; they stood so gapingly, so alertly open, that suddenly a little shudder thrilled up along his spine. Ten feet away, rigid and alert, a big Met. policeman stood, looking along the quay with patiently expectant

eyes. Burke was on the point of calling out a question when his attention was drawn by another scene.

A little rosy pig trotted squealing down the deck with a fierce little boy after it. It bumped the bulwark beneath Burke, and the vibration caused him to look down. The boy had the pig by the tail. The boy was pulling one way and the pig the other; they were of equal strength, so that for a second they were fixed in a plastic group. Struggling impotently, the boy turned his big black eyes up to the man in mute appeal, and the big black eyes suddenly recalled to Burke two other such eyes in just such a little brown face, and these big black eyes became a measure of the road that Burke had traveled the last three years, a road he liked not to contemplate. So he was turning from the unpleasant scene when the boy let go the tail and fell back, rigid.

Burke looked down upon the stark little form with a frown of perplexity and distrust. He slid himself along the bulwark till a few feet away, then ran his eyes up along the mainmast.

At the peak, a yellow flag was smacking in the wind.

His eyes dropped to the boxes on the quay. They were coffins.

He understood. The cholera had crept upon the lorchas before it had left Vigan, and all the way down the coast it had been doing its dread work about him, plunged in the oblivion of his solitary orgy.

There had been seventy people on the lorchas when it had left Vigan; and there were still a half-hundred. They were huddled forward, a squalid, rancid, and colored group, their eyes wistfully set upon a black pot vibrating upon a fire of small sticks. They were from the famine district of Vigan and had not eaten for a long time, but their attention was not solely upon the vessel holding their handful of rice. At times they threw black looks toward the quay. Fear was upon them; fear, not of the impalpable Death hovering about them, but fear of the White Man's Quarantine as represented by the big, impassive policeman standing there like a menace; the White Man's Quarantine, ready to clutch them at the first

sign of disease and tear them off to its den, to a fearful and ever-mysterious fate.

Burke looked at them, then pointed at the boy at his feet, but they seemed to see nothing. He sprang to the deck. "Here, mangaling, mangaling dito!" he shouted. They turned their heads, scowled indifferently at the little stretched body, then their eyes returned to the black kettle quivering on the fire.

"Here, here, that won't do," cried Burke, all the maudlin softness out of his face, as he marched upon the group. His Tangalo was failing him, but the gestures accompanying his English were unmistakable.

"Get up, you hound!" he thundered, kicking the nearest man. "Get up there! And you, too," he added, cuffing another. "Get up and take care of the kid!"

He laid about him furiously for a moment, then his rage oozed out of him and he stood silent and at loss. For the resistance offered him was unlike any he had ever met. The men did not budge; they took the blows like blocks of wood, remaining as they were, without a tremor, their eyes glowing sullenly at the deck between their knees; and the passiveness of that resistance was so monstrously powerful that Burke felt his throat tighten in a rageful, childish impulse to break out weeping.

Seated on a box, a little apart from the crowd, there was a fat, sleek, pale-yellow personage. He observed the scene through his narrow eyes with the arrogantly skeptical air of the chino mestizo. His falsetto voice now broke the silence.

"Porque no Usted?" he said, suavely, while his eyes narrowed to a line with a gleam in it. "Why not you?"

Burke opened his mouth, left it open for a good second, then shut it again with a grinding of teeth.

"By —, I'll do it," he muttered, as he turned away.

He went to the boy, made a movement as if to pick him up, hesitated, stood irresolute for a moment, then, with a blinding flash of resolution such as in the past had carried him off into postures of which others said resounding things and of which he himself was vaguely ashamed, he stooped quickly

and whisked up the little body into his arms. He crossed the deck, and as he passed his old army blanket, lying still upon the floor, he picked it up and wrapped it about the boy; then he laid the whole burden down in a sheltered spot against the cabin. A sudden, springy alertness had seized his body, and beneath the pussy alcoholic flesh of his face had sprung tight ropy lines not yet corroded. He tore off the light camisa and pantaloons and began rubbing the stiffened limb. He rubbed with an energy almost savage, and he felt under his fingers the stark flesh loosen and warm up and live again. The glazed eyes softened, the lids closed slowly, and they reopened with the light of life beneath them.

And then it was worse. Burke sprang to his feet. His bloated face took on the color of his khaki jacket and beads of perspiration welled up about his lips. Then his eyebrows snapped down in one black line, and his lower jaw advanced till it almost crushed out the double chin. For the next hour he worked with concentrated rage.

A thunder of wheels over the cobbles of the quay froze him into a listening attitude. The noise stopped in a creaking of brakes and Burke rose slowly, stretching his body to full length. He walked to the bulwarks and looked out. A big, black wagon was standing by. From it two men alighted, putting on great rubber gloves. Burke came down the gang-plank, bearing the boy in his arms. "Hurry up, he may pull through," he said. They placed the little form in the wagon and rumbled off to the heavy trot of the weary horses. The Met. carelessly took a position between Burke and the street, but this was not necessary. Burke looked down at the coffins, raised his head, took a big gulp of fresh air, and walked back up the plank.

Ten minutes later a light buggy drove up. An officer with a brass cross on the collar of his khaki sprang out and walked aboard.

Burke went to his feet and his hand rose to his hat in military salute. "Good morning, sir," he said.

The officer's eyes wandered over the

boat, taking in all the details swiftly, then came back to the man standing there at attention. He looked at the bloated face, with its ruins of strength beneath; at the bloodshot eyes, with their remnant of calm, blue light; at the great, corroded body, with its something yet elastic.

"Jerry Burke!" he said.

"Glad you remember me," said the man, with a slight sarcasm in his voice.

The officer looked at him again, with a long, sweeping glance that took in the bloated face, the bloodshot eyes, the twisted mouth, the dirty, ragged collar, the greasy jacket, the trembling, clutching hands, the cork-screwed trousers, the heelless shoes—the whole abject picture of human degradation there before him.

"And that's what you have become," he said at length.

Jerry did not answer.

"Why the devil didn't you go home with the Volunteers?" asked the officer angrily.

Jerry's lips trembled.

"It had got too bad by that time," he answered at length.

"And now?"

"You can see."

The officer paced the deck.

"Who took care of that boy?" he asked, suddenly turning upon Jerry with a snarl.

"I did," answered the latter, surprised into acknowledgment.

The officer went back to his pacing. At the tenth turn he stopped short, pivoted on his heel, and faced Burke.

"You were a man once, weren't you?" he asked.

"I suppose so," answered Jerry, hanging his head. "At least, you ought to know," he added, a little bitterly.

"Well, do you want to be a man again?"

Jerry was looking at the deck. He raised his eyes slowly till they plunged into the surgeons.

"Can you do it?" he asked steadily. "I can't!"

There was such bitter acceptance of fact in this that the officer's manner softened.

"Well, here's the matter. I'm short of Health men. I need somebody on

this derelict. You are the man; you're chugged alongside the lorcha. It was in quarantine anyway." the doctor's launch.

Jerry waited for more.

"This afternoon the lorcha will be towed behind the breakwater. She'll be in strict quarantine. You'll be in charge. I'll give you disinfectants and medicines. You'll keep the boat clean, and you'll attend the sick. Whenever somebody tumbles over, run up the yellow flag and we'll come after him as soon as we can. Every morning I'll come around and see how you are getting along."

"How long will it last?" asked Jerry.

"Don't know. Till they're all gone, perhaps. There must be five days' quarantine after each case. If they die close together it will be short. If they go five days apart, it may last six months. Six months to make a man of you, Jerry; will you do it?"

"It will be hell," said Jerry, with a tense smile.

"It will be hell," acquiesced the surgeon. "You must work, Jerry."

"I'll do it," said Jerry.

That afternoon the lorcha was towed behind the breakwater, and at sunset a woman who was lighting the fire for the evening meal whirled on her heels and slapped the deck with the whole length of her body. Jerry ran up the yellow flag, but the night had dropped like a thunderbolt, and it was not seen from shore; so he cared for her till morning. She was old and knotted and decrepit; her teeth were gone, and she was loathsomely unclean, but he worked over her with rigid patience, not ceasing for a moment, for the Demon was already clutching at him. At dawn a boat pulled up and the woman was lowered into it, still alive. Then the sun rose, blinding hot, and Jerry paced the deck furiously. The groups of sleepers on deck were disentangling beneath the stinging announcement of the new day, and they scattered in awe before the strange Americano, tugging among them with great steps that were almost leaps. At last a little steamer appeared at the mouth of the river; it slid along on the other side of the breakwater, turned at the end, and

Burke stepped to the bulwarks and looked down at the boat wallowing in the cross-seas. Huntington was standing on the rail, his right hand against the side of the lorcha, his body giving easily to every shock; and Burke gazed hungry-eyed at his cool, alert demeanor.

"Well, how goes it?" asked the surgeon.

"One case," said Burke, calmly.

"That means five days more. What is it?"

"A woman; she's at the hospital now," he answered, in the same rigid, subdued tone.

"And you?" asked the surgeon.

"For God's sake," cried Burke, his voice breaking into frenzy, "give me something to do, something to do!"

"All right, old man," answered Huntington, showing no surprise. "Throw us a rope."

Burke threw a rope. A case was tied to it and hauled on deck.

"Chlorodyne," announced the surgeon.

The rope was thrown back. A demijohn was hauled up, then another, and another.

"Carbolic," shouted Huntington. "Disinfect the boat."

"All right; good-by," said Burke.

The doctor waved his hand and the launch churned away.

The day was heavy with heat. The wind had died, the sea was glazed, and the tin roofs of Manila glistened white. A torpor fell from the brazen heavens, and all day Burke struggled beneath it in a frenzy of toil. When he had cleaned the boat thoroughly, he arranged the little cabin into a hospital. Almost immediately it had its occupant. A boy was down. Jerry laid him on his cot, pried his teeth open with his knife, and poured some chlorodyne between them; then walked to the mainmast, and soon to the watchers on shore the leprous banner rose against the gory hues of the setting sun. The boat came and took the child away.

When the launch came, in the morning, Burke was standing at the head of the ladder. All the traces of a fearful night were in his face, and yet Hunt-

ington's scrutiny found something satisfactory in the man. The old khaki suit had been washed, and hung, still damp, upon his frame.

More medicines and disinfectants, a supply of food and distilled water, several objects, very vulgar and very grim, were passed up, and then the doctor asked:

"Anything you need, old man?"

Burke shook his head in indecisive negative.

"I have you on the pay-roll," added the officer casually; "assistant inspector; three-and-a-half a day."

Burke dropped his eyes to the deck. Then he blurted out:

"Yes, two khakis."

"All right," said Huntington, rapidly measuring with his eye the frame before him: "Anything else?"

Again an embarrassed silence, then another burst:

"A razor."

"I'll send the things this afternoon," said Huntington, gladder than his voice implied.

Burke went back to his work. After disinfecting his little hospital he executed, with the aid of Tionko, the Chino mestizo whose oily good-will and linguistic ability were fast becoming indispensable, a plot hatched during the sleeplessness of the night. First the men, then the women, were filed into a bath-house made of sails and forced to bathe in warm carbolized water, while their clothes boiled in caldrons outside. By sunset the passenger list of the *Bonita* was clean, at least externally.

Then the usual commotion forward told Burke that his work had begun again. This time it was a child-mother, a pitiful little black-eyed thing with a squalling whitish babe at her breast. It was too late for the shore boat, so he cared for them. At midnight baby died and, two hours later, the mother; they lay side by side and, of the two, it was the mother's face that looked the child's, and the baby's the withered old. At daybreak the boat took them away.

Weeks followed, filled with the same stagnancy of horror. The work had settled down to flat routine and life became a fearful monotony as day af-

ter day poured its brazen heat upon the empested boat. The only element of excitement lay in the ebb and flow of disease. On some days two or three, once even five fell, and Burke's hospital over-filled and poured out its burden upon the deck; at other times there would be periods of three or four days without a case, and once the expiration of the mystical five days which was to free the lorch from its imprisonment was almost reached when two men were suddenly felled as if by the same thunderbolt. Burke's worst periods were when the hospital was empty. On such days the routine of his duties took him only a little past noon, and then would come the full bitterness of the struggle. He found something to do and worked with teeth set, but his hands trembled, his nerves were tortured, and his eyes felt as if being pulled out of their sockets.

Then in the maddening monotony of this life there crept another element.

Before lying down to his snatch of horror-stricken sleep, Jerry was accustomed to take a plunge over the side, although the waters of the bay were full of sharks. One night, as he was preparing to climb back upon the lorch, he reached in vain for the rope that he had left dangling for the purpose. It had been pulled up just out of his grasp. Treading water by the black hull, Burke shouted repeatedly, but a sleep deep as the night that wrapped the vessel seemed to have its inhabitants, and his cries got no response.

"Listen," finally said Burke, talking calmly in the silence. "Listen. You know how I can swim. If that rope does not come down in ten seconds I'll swim to the big army boat to the right there. I'll come back with fifty soldiers, and we'll hang you all to the mast. Remember, the sharks do not touch me."

As mysteriously as it had been raised, the rope dropped softly till its end touched the water. When Burke, dripping, sprang on deck, a heavy silence was upon the boat, broken only by the hoarse breathing of the sleepers, spread about in limp attitudes like the dead upon the battlefield.

A few days later, as he took up the

demijhon in which he kept his drinking water, brought distilled from shore. He found the cork askew. He was always careful to shut the vessel hermetically, and a sudden suspicion made him turn the demijohn over and pour its contents out upon the deck. The water gurgled out, and when the vessel was empty Jerry found a little piece of cloth sticking to the inside of the gullet. He drew it out, and an icy shiver ran up his spine. He held in his hand a little square of red and yellow calico. The last cholera victim of the *Bonita*, a woman, had worn a padadyung of red and yellow calico.

He threw the demijohn overboard, and when he had obtained a new one from shore, he slept against it at night.

Burke began to observe his crew, and this gave him little satisfaction. Beneath the oriental passiveness, malevolence was boiling. His orders, it is true, were obeyed; but it was with heaviness of movement and dulness of eye; and in the periods of rest, sullen, squatting groups formed, that broke out in whisperings and oblique looks, to be scattered usually by the bowing, smirking, oily Chino, Tionko. And of all the ominous signs there was none that displeased Burke more than the behavior of the Chino—this evident eagerness to save the face of things, to glaze over the dark working beneath with a serene surface.

They were on one of these periods of immunity from disease which drew all nerves tense. Three days had passed, then four; they entered upon the fifth. Twenty-four hours more would set the *Bonita* free from the iron clutches of the quarantine. That day was a bad one. The solidarity in misfortune that had bound the unfortunates of the *lorcha* broke into a ferocious individualism. All work ceased that morning. The population of the *Bonita* divided into groups: these segregated more and more as the day advanced, till finally each man was squatting alone, with glaring threat in his eyeballs. God help the one who came down; the execration of the whole boat was already focused upon him.

At last the brazen day melted into the purple evening and night came, with a trembling crescent of moon in

the sky and an horizon vibrating in sheet lightning. Burke prepared himself for what was likely to be his last night of vigil. He lit a lantern and began pacing to and fro to keep awake, usually an easy thing for him to do. Toward midnight, he stopped and leaned against the mainmast, gazing at the weird flashing of light at the horizon. Insensibly he went asleep. His head fell on his breast, his legs sagged beneath him, and he slid softly down till he set upon the deck, his back against the mast.

Suddenly he found himself sitting bolt upright, all his faculties stiffened in alarm. The turbulent fancies of his slumber had merged into something tense and sharp as reality, and his ears still rang with low moans, a scurry of feet, and a strangled cry. Now that he was fully awake, however, the night was heavy with silence, only the tide bubbling and tinkling and crooning along the flanks of the boat. He lay back a moment but his senses had been too acutely wrung, and, picking up the lantern, he walked forward.

Everything was quiet. Indistinct forms were stretched about the deck, and the breathing of the sleepers rhythmized the silence. Near the anchor, Burke recognized Tionko. The Chino's chest was rising and falling in deep, regular movement; he moaned inarticulately as Burke bent over him with his lantern.

Burke was turning away when, in the movement, the light of the lantern fell upon the rope up which he had clambered on the night of the first mysterious attack against him. Although not used any more, it had been left hanging over the side, and now, as Burke's eyes fell upon it, in the glare of the light it was all a-tremble and a-thrill, like a live thing. Mumbling sleepily about the strength of the tide, Burke gave it a pull. A resistance met him, as that of a line with a fish hooked at the end. Puzzled, he went over the side, holding to the bulwark and bending down as far as he could, and then, as he gave another tug, two thin arms clutching the rope, and then a livid face, bobbed up slowly into the pale moonlight.

Burke let himself down, his feet



"HE REACHED IN VAIN FOR THE ROPE."

against the side, his left hand grasping the rope. He bent down, his right hand caught a handful of hair, and he drew up on it. Taking the loose end of the rope, he passed it beneath both limp arms, then, holding it between his teeth, he clambered back to the deck and pulled the whole body up. He sent the rays of his lantern into the face, and recognized it as that of a young boy of the lorchá.

He was still alive, but cholera had him. Burke understood, but it was no time for punishment. He carried the stiffened form to the hospital and for an hour fought with Death; but the shock had been too much for the disease-racked body. When there was nothing left to do, Burke turned back the blanket over the rigid face, then stood still, his eyes cast down at the deck.

"Tionko," he finally said, as if giving the answer to some problem.

He picked up an iron belaying-pin,

bared his arms, and started toward the bow. As he reached the foremast, however, three shadows sprang at him from the darkness ahead. With a side-wise leap he evaded them, then waited, crouched low, with one hand upon the deck. The men scattered in a circle surrounding him, but before they could close in, he sprang at one and felled him with the shock his body, and darted behind the mast, where he stood, waiting.

There was a moment of hesitation among the bravos, and they retreated toward the bow. Burke left the mast to peer into the darkness; a knife whizzed by his head and he sprang back to his shelter.

They came forward again and they were four this time. Burke saw that the defensive would be useless. With one leap he was among them, whacking to right and left with his belaying pin. A hatchet was raised above his head, but the belaying-pin cracked the

wrist that held it and it clattered to the deck. A streak of fire scorched his shoulder, but the badly-aimed dagger dropped as the belaying-pin came down upon its owner's cranium.

And all this time, while he laid about him with instinctive parry and thrust, his eyes were riveted on an indistinct form in the shadow behind, a form from which came a running sound of encouragement, suggestion, command. Suddenly he sprang back, then to one side, then forward—and he had passed the struggling four men. He took two running steps forward, then his body left the ground and shot through the air. With a thud it struck the man in the shadow and crushed him to earth. Like a cat, Burke was on his feet again. He picked up the body by the waist, held it off at arm's length, brought it back close to him long enough to see Tionko's face in a grin of horror, then his arms distended like great springs and Tionko shot over the bulwarks.

He turned to the others, but they had slunk away in the darkness, and he knew that, the Chino gone, there was no more to fear.

He peered out into the water, and the phosphorescence showed him an indistinct form swimming slowly away. Then it turned back, splashing painfully, and a cracked falsetto voice whined in beggar-like modulations.

"Señor, for the love of Christ, let me on!"

Burke hesitated, and suddenly the thing was settled for him. From the right a phosphorescent flash cut the water in a streak. Swift and luminous as a rocket it came, straight toward the splashing form; it struck it, and then the spot burst out in a great bubble of light, in which Burke caught a flash of the chino, his arms raised to heaven, his mouth distended in abominable fear. There was a hoarse croak, a gurgle, and then the phosphorescence sank slowly and went out in the depths below. A gentle ripple undulated over the darkened surface of the water and broke softly against the flanks of the lorcha.

Burke, half dizzy, walked forward. The limp, scattered sleepers were still there as before, but in one corner a

man, was choking in his breathing, and near the anchor another was vibrating in his sleep, in one long, continuous shudder.

There came another period of suspense. One day passed, two days passed with no cases. The third day came, and Burke's Demon was clutching him.

He had found some shellac, redolent of crude alcohol, in the hold and had brought it up to varnish the crude furniture of his hospital; and now he dared not come near it. The bucket stood by the hatch, and Burke was pacing to and fro along the deck like a wild beast. Each time he passed the bucket the pungent odor stung his face, filling his mind with a memory of one of his worst periods of degradation and his whole physical being with a madness to wallow back into it.

He fought hard. He knew that he must throw that bucket overboard, so he forced his thoughts upon the act.

"I'll walk twenty times the length of the deck with my mind on that," he muttered to himself.

So, concentrating his brain upon the necessary deed, he began pacing up and down. At the twentieth turn he walked toward the bucket and stopped suddenly, livid as death, his eyes fixed stupidly upon his hands.

In his right hand he held a stick, a little pliable bamboo stick.

He tried to remember picking it up; he could not. The act had been not of the will, of the will that was fighting for mastery; it had been forced by that other Power, that Power which possessed his nerves, his bones, his flesh, the Power he was seeking to kill.

"I will begin again," he muttered.

At the tenth turn he stopped short and a cold sweat welled up upon his body. He had another stick in his hand.

And then, slowly, haltingly, but irresistibly, he approached the bucket. With somnambulant rigidity he placed the stick in the viscous stuff and slowly rotated it once, as if tentatively; then once more, determinedly; then again, with a sort of rage. The heavy fluid followed the stick, turned on itself faster and faster. A little whirl-



"A LITTLE WHIRLPOOL FORMED AT THE CENTER."

pool formed at the center. Burke's eyes fixed themselves upon it, and silently the little whirlpool sucked down all that was strong in him.

The stick scraped along the sides of the bucket; the shellac circled swiftly. In a minute, in the depression at the center, a black spot formed. The stick turned faster. The black spot grew; finally it was a little round ball that sank to the bottom. The stick whirled around madly. The little ball enlarged. From all sides the like molecules rushed to it, rounding it out as a snow-ball that is rolled downhill. At last it was like a small cannon-ball. Burke bared his arms, plunged down into the bucket, drew out the black, pitchy solid, and threw it overboard.

He rushed back and his hollowed hand scooped up a few drops of the now-white liquid and slapped it to his lips. The taste drove him mad, and dropping down in hands and knees like a dog, he put his lips to the side of the bucket and drew in long gulps.

A little later the natives were all

gathered at the stern, looking with wonder upon the strange actions of the Americano.

He was squatting on deck, the bucket between his knees. At close intervals he raised it to his lips and poured the awful contents down his throat. Then he hugged the bucket, sobbing softly like a child being consoled after suffering, and between his laughs and his tears, he gurgled to himself an endless story, full of tearful self-compassion and sobbing, endearing terms, long and soft and meaningless as the croon of a lonely babe.

Toward night he fell into a heavy stupor and lay there on his back, his face to the moonlight, and the tears drying on his cheeks.

In the morning, when the doctor's launch churned out of the river, it had in tow the boat of the *Bonita*, filled with the people of the lorchas. They had been caught by a patrol-boat at midnight just as they were on the point of landing on the *Luneta*.

The launch pulled up against the

lorcha and Huntington sprang aboard. Burke rose from the deck and waited for him. He was hollow and drooping, as if the bony frame had been removed from his body, and his eyes were dead.

A look told the doctor what had happened.

"Yes," said Burke, corroborating the surgeon's unexpressed thought.

Huntington paced the deck.

"Well," he said finally, "you did well to stand it that long. Next time it will be longer."

Burke did not answer.

"We have to begin again."

"Begin again," echoed Burke mechanically.

"You'll do it, old man," said Huntington confidently.

"My God, Huntington," said Burke in a whisper; "my God, Huntington, I killed Tionko; I threw him to the sharks, and now, look at me!"

When the launch had left, Burke crouched down in a corner against the bulwarks, and there he sat the morning long, his eyes glued stupidly to the deck.

At noon he suddenly got up, walked firmly to the mainmast, and ran up the yellow flag.

When the boat came, he went down the ladder and sat himself in the stern sheets. The man in charge looked at him inquiringly.

"Pull away," he said shortly; "I've got it."

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Immense

In a recent sitting of the House of Commons a certain M. P., after elaborating in a speech of two hours a statement that would have been better made in a speech of two minutes, concluded:

"And that's the situation in a nutshell."

"Gracious!" said Winston Churchill, sotto voce, "What a nut!"—*The By-stander*.

Her Request

"What did she say when the judge granted her a divorce, but forbade her to marry in this State again?"

"She asked the judge to make her husband provide her with traveling expenses."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Vale the Maine

With the rendering of the official report on the destruction of the battleship *Maine* in Havana Harbor, on the night of February 15, 1898, this event passes into history with all honor to the United States for having done its full duty in regard to it in every instance. The *Maine* was sent into Cuban waters to look after our interests there at a time when that island was much disturbed by a revolution against the Spanish government, and while anchored there by the leave and license of Spain, a messenger of peace, was destroyed together with about 260 lives of American citizens. The war with Spain followed, and its outcome is history.

For thirteen years however the wreck of this vessel lay in Havana Harbor, demanding not only removal but further investigation. This latter duty was assumed by Congress last winter and the Army Engineers were authorized to investigate the matter thoroughly. They have performed their mission with credit to themselves and honor to the nation they serve. By an unprecedented engineering exploit they exposed the wreck on the harbor bottom, made full investigation of the evidence thereby revealed, and which confirms the verdict found by the Sampson Board of Inquiry in 1898, which was that the destruction of this vessel was caused externally by the explosion of a submarine mine.

Our government was under no moral compulsion to go further into this matter than the investigation it instituted immediately after the catastrophe, but as the world will always believe that the destruction of the battleship *Maine* caused the Spanish-American war, and as the same opinion prevails generally among our own people, and with warrant, it is a great relief to feel that so far as expert knowledge can determine from an inspection of the entire wreck as it lies bared to the sky, the United States Navy was not responsible in any wise for the disaster that was fraught with such dire consequences.—*The Marine Journal*.

The Owl and the Pussy Cat

A squirrel dwelt in a hollow tree,
A daintily fur clad rogue was he,
With lots of nuts his natural food
A sweet Mrs. Squirrel, a brush-tailed
brood,

His life was pure perfection.

A white owl lived in a turret nigh.
A roué owl with a blinking eye—
Who sang in a vain attempt to flirt
Tuhoo, Mrs. Squirrel, Tuwhu, tuwhirt,
You have my heart's affection.

Then asked Mr. Squirrel to invite to
tea,
The rabbit, the hare and the bumble-
bee,
The hawk, and a great black cat as
judge,
Who owed the owl a traditional
grudge,
For infringing the rights of
mousing.

The owl arrived, looking sleek and fat.
His wings well plumed and his tail
down pat,
"My dear Mrs. S., I am pleased to see
You are not quite dead to a swell like
me,
Hear, love, my heart's fond
pleading."

The guests walked in to his great sur-
prise—
He rubbed his nose and he cleared his
eyes,
And in spite of all his hoots and cries
He won't forget till the day he dies
The subsequent proceeding.

He was arraigned looking sick and ill—
Persistently flirting was the bill;
The squirrel's wife deponed to the
facts,
The rabbit recited similar acts
To show his notoriety.

The hawk summed up with consum-
mate skill,
The bee said "Guilty" as charged in
the bill,
The hare led him out, shamefaced at
that,
And the nine-lived gave him the ten-
tailed cat,
And banished him from society.
H. M. Hardie.

Anti-Rolling Tanks in Action

Naval Architects and Marine Engi-
neers have taken a keen interest in the
Frahm Anti-Rolling Tanks, aboard
the *S. S. Victoria Luise* (formerly
S. S. Deutschland), recently con-
structed. It was observed that this new
device takes up less space than first
anticipated. The operation of these
tanks in no way interferes with the
general working of the ship, and they
are placed well below the promenade
deck. The action of the water in the
tanks in a high sea is controlled by
regulating the movement of the air in
the side branches by air-locks, between
the upper ends and the side branches.
The success obtained through the in-
stalment of the Frahm Anti-Rolling
Tanks in holding the vessel in a near
horizontal position in the roughest of
weather, which practically overcomes
the much dreaded seasickness and will
therefore doubtless lead to the general
adoption of huge liners equipped with
large passenger accommodations.

The Fogometer

The Fogometer, invented by Capt.
W. J. Smith, in charge of the Seattle
Navigation School, Seattle, Wash., is
an instrument for facilitating the proc-
ess of accurately determining a ship's
position in foggy weather, by the use
of wireless telegraphy and sound
waves. The instrument is laid flat
upon the chart, and by its use a ship's
bearing and distance from a shore sta-
tion equipped with wireless, for exam-
ple a lighthouse, may be accurately de-
termined. Shipowners and masters in-
terested in a device of this kind may
obtain from Capt. Smith printed mat-
ter and a list of testimonials descrip-
tive of the same. A test of the device,
its inventor claims, will demonstrate
its value in assisting to overcome the
greatest menace which now remains to
shipping—fog. —

Had no Lack of Substitutes

"Perhaps you drink too much cof-
fee," suggested the doctor. "I should
advise you to try a substitute."

"Sir, your advice is superfluous," re-
plied the patient. "I have lived in
boarding-houses for twenty five years."
—*Philadelphia Record*.

How Stamps are Gummed

If there is one thing above another which has been brought down to a science it is the gumming of adhesive postage stamps. The precautions taken to secure a uniform coating of gum on the back of stamps approach the marvelous.

When the stamps are gummed they are tested to establish if the coating varies on sheets one seven-thousandth of a pound. The stamps after being printed go to the gumming room. Pipes convey the gum in a heated and melted state to small vats, into which it is slowly dropped as needed. From these vats it is allowed to ooze slowly onto rollers.

The sheets of stamps pass under the rollers, receiving a thin coating of gum, and then drop onto a continuous belt. The belt carries them into vats which contain coils of steam pipe 50 feet long. The slow passage of the freshly gummed stamp sheets through the vats dries them. When they reach the other end of the vats they are dry enough to be piled one upon another, tested, counted, and sent to be perforated.

The precautions taken to insure uniformity in the gumming are the most interesting part of the work. Each morning when the workmen report for the day duty they are given a series of blanks, which they must fill out during the day as their work progresses. A most careful account is kept of every ounce of gum given to the men and of every sheet of stamps which they handle. The system is an absolute check on the stamp sheets, but was designed to insure the use of the proper quantity of gum in proportion to the stamp sheets.

When the work starts in the morning each of the men is charged up with so many sheets of stamps and so many pounds of gum. He must spread that amount of gum over the given number of sheets. Exhaustive experiments and exact scientific calculation have determined the proportion of gum and paper.

Rigid and continuous inspection and the keeping of a running account with each operator in the gumming room

makes it almost impossible to neglect any sheets or to dispose of the gum, except by spreading it with absolute uniformity over the sheets. The little vats which hang over the rollers contain delicate instruments, which show the temperature at which the gum is kept and its specific gravity.

Moisture in the atmosphere presents the greatest problem to the operators in the gumming room. The quantity of the gum varies with the seasons. To secure the desired results it is not only necessary for the employees to be carefully watched, but the actual atmospheric conditions in which they work are carefully regulated.—*American Boy*.

To Read a Coin's Date

Lying on a table in front of a numismatist was an old copper coin. It had experienced hard usage.

"Can you read the date and the inscription?" inquired the collector.

The visitor inspected the specimen, but, although he had the aid of a magnifying glass, he confessed that the words and figures were illegible.

"Let me assist you," the collector remarked. Going to the kitchen range he thrust an ordinary coal shovel into the fire and permitted it to remain there until red hot. Withdrawing it, he dropped the coin on the utensil, and it speedily became as red-hot as the shovel itself. Immediately the date, 1794, showed brightly in glowing figures on the obverse side of the coin, and similar treatment revealed the words, "United States of America, one cent," on the reverse. This test, according to the numismatist, seldom fails with any coin, even when the inscriptions have been worn so perfectly smooth that they are invisible to the naked eye.—*New York Press*.

He Had

"Did you ever play in 'Hamlet?'" inquired a theatrical manager of a recent acquisition to his company.

"Ever!" exclaimed the newcomer. "Why, I've played in every hamlet between here and Niobrara, Nebraska." —*Pathfinder*.

Oil Burning Steamer Crosses Atlantic

The distinction of the first oil propelled vessel crossing the Atlantic falls to the funnelless twin-screw liner *Toiler*, built by Swan-Hunter and Wigham Richardson, Ltd., which promises to revolutionize traffic in general and is destined for service in the Canadian Canals. Something of the transformation which will be worked in the appearance of ships is shown in this new boat. The propelling power is supplied by Diesel engines of the two-cycle reversible marine type, using crude oil. After several successful trial trips made on the other side, on which the *Toiler* behaved splendidly, and fully proved the reliability of the engines, the builders had no hesitation in loading the *Toiler* and sending her across to Canada. Throughout the trans-Atlantic voyage, an average of 1.75 tons of oil per day was consumed, only one-sixth as much coal as ordinary steam engines of equal power would require. Besides this the principal economy consists in the elimination of boiler space, coal and its handling, consequently reduction of crew in the engine department. There is no steam on the boat. The cabins are heated by hot water. The chief interest in the vessel for the layman is the absence of smokestacks, rigged with two low masts, the upper deck is unbroken. The *Toiler* is the pioneer of its type and will be followed by two 9,000 oil burning trans-Atlantic liners of the Hamburg-American Line next year.

The Power of the Future

The success of wireless telegraphy has led some people of vivid imaginations to foresee the time when electric power can also be transmitted without the aid of wires or other metallic conduits. One of the most eminent practical electricians in the country says that while wireless transmission of power is possible, it will never be commercially feasible, because of the waste in transmission.

In wireless telegraphy, the energy discharged into the conveying ether by the sending station is very largely dissipated and lost. Only a small fraction is picked up by the receiving sta-

tion, but it is sufficient to make the receiving instrument click out the message. But such a loss of energy in the transmission of power would be ruinous.

It is estimated that if one hundred horse-power were used at the sending end, only about one-tenth of a horse-power would be delivered at the receiving end. If this estimate is correct, it of course puts an end to all hope that airships may some day be supplied with electric power for their motors by wireless transmission.

This practical electrician foresees the time when the earth's fuel, including wood, coal and oil, will be exhausted, and the only reliance for heat and light will be electricity. He does not predict any startling discovery of ways of extracting electricity directly from the sun or gathering it from the air.

He says the water courses will have to be our main, and perhaps our only reliance; and he predicts that the day will come when every running river and stream will be harnessed, at every available interval throughout its length, and made to generate electric power for transmission to points where it is needed. The study then will not be to diffuse and waste the power by dispensing with metallic conductors, but to perfect means of avoiding waste.

It will also be necessary to adopt universal and effective measures for conserving streams by safeguarding the forests and reforesting the denuded areas. It is well that public attention is already turning strongly to this problem.

Earned a Portion

Sammy had accompanied his father to a lecture. The boy had been promised five cents, provided he sat quietly during the evening.

After the lad had stared at the ceiling for what seemed a long, weary while to him, he whispered to his father:

"Isn't it more than half over, father?"

"Yes, yes, my boy; but keep quiet."

"Well, father," persisted Sammy, "if it's more than half over, you can give me three cents and we'll go home."

—*Pop. Elec.*

The Supremacy of the Atlantic

The race for size in ships has begun in earnest, and although the White Star liner *Olympic*, which will begin take up the running between Southampton on November 29, after repairs at Belfast, consequent upon her recent accident, is at present the largest vessel afloat, she will not enjoy that distinction very much longer.

Indeed, it would appear as if we are now within measurable distance of the 1,000 ft. ship which it is Lord Pirrie's ambition to build, but for the fact that the dock and harbor authorities are not keeping pace with the progress of naval architecture.

Both the *Olympic* and her sister ship, the *Titanic*, now nearing completion at Belfast, have a length of 882 ft., but the *Imperator*, in course of construction on the Elbe for the Hamburg-American Line, will be 910 ft. long, while the *Aquitania*, which is being built at Clydebank for the Cunard Company, is with her "overhang" or counter, to be 905 ft. in length, though her other dimensions have not yet been disclosed.

The Speed of Light

The velocity of light was discovered by Reaumer, and after him by Cassini, and was calculated by Romer in 1676, and by Bradley in 1720. Its velocity was ascertained to be about 200,000 miles a second, which is a million of times swifter than the speed of a cannon ball. The light of the sun takes eight minutes and eight seconds for its transmission through space to the earth. It is largely owing to our knowledge of the velocity of light that we are prepared to calculate the distances of the stars and other heavenly bodies. Knowing the speed of light, and the time required for it to reach us from a certain point, we can tell with almost absolute certainty how far that point is away from us.

Here, Get This Quick

"What separates England from France?"

"The irregular verbs."—Mrs. Hugh Frazer in "*A Diplomat's Wife in Many Lands*."

Asking too Much

Mrs. Benham—There is a burglar, I really believe, in the pantry where I put the pie I baked this afternoon.

Benham—Well, you can't expect me to get up at this time of night to give him dyspepsia tablets.—*Chicago News*.

To Prevent the Extermination of Cod

The government fish hatchery at Gloucester, Mass., established primarily to conserve the (sacred to New England) codfish, which was being decimated too rapidly by the use of the modern steam trawler, has during the past ten months distributed more than 90,000,000 fry in the waters of Massachusetts Bay. Spawn is obtained from the catches of the one-day market boats, and the eggs thus kept in good condition are placed in water of a temperature of 40 degrees. When hatched, which takes about two weeks and a half, the young fish are dropped into the sea near the natural spawning grounds.

High Cost of Living

It is possible to live on four cents a day, as Philanthropist McDowell has told you, but it is not probable. To live in a condition that would in any way approach riotous living one must expend as much as five cents per diem.—*Chicago News*.

More Progress

"These porous plasters are something new."

"As to how?"

"After they have been used as plasters they may be put on the pianola and will play a tune. We have belladonna plasters comprising all the popular airs."—*Pittsburg Post*.

Modern Education

"Fifth grade this year, Tommy?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're in the decimals or fractions now, no doubt."

"No, sir. I'm in crochet work and clay modeling now."—*Pittsburg Post*.

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Ship Reports

We believe it would be interesting to the patrons of the AEROGRAM to know that each twenty-four hours reports of steamers at sea—giving position of ships—are forwarded to New York by wireless and printed in the *New York Herald* the following morning.

We take pleasure in publishing copy of the wireless reports of one edition of the *Herald*—ships indicated by* are reported by United Wireless Service—those left blank by other wireless companies.

Wireless Reports

Str. Olympic (Br), Southampton &c., for New York, passed Nantucket at 4 P. M. 6th. Due at pier about 9 A. M. Thursday.

Str. Baltic (Br), Liverpool and Queenstown for New York, was 1,091 miles E of Ambrose Channel lightship at 8:20 A. M. 6th. Due at pier about 8:30 A. M. Saturday.

Str. Ancona (Ital), Naples for New York and Philadelphia, was 350 miles E of Ambrose Channel lightship at noon 6th. Due at pier Thursday afternoon.

Str. Teutonic (Br.), Liverpool for Halifax, was 110 miles SE of Cape Race at 8:30 A. M. 6th.

Str. Empress of Ireland (Br), Liverpool for Halifax and St. John, N. B., was 131 miles NE of Cape Race at 6:35 P. M. 6th. Due at Halifax about 10:30 P. M. Thursday.

**Str. Toledo*, Sabine for Philadelphia, was 100 miles S of Jupiter at 6 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Huron*, Jacksonville for New York, was 262 miles S of Scotland lightship at 7 P. M. 6th.

**Str. City of Savannah*, Savannah for New York, was 370 miles S of Scotland lightship at 8 P. M. 6th.

Str. Almirante (Br), Kingston, &c., for New York, was 310 miles S of Scotland lightship at noon 6th.

**Str. Berkshire*, Savannah for Philadelphia, was 40 miles S W of Cape Lookout at 7 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Mexico*, Vera Cruz, &c., for New York, was 645 miles S of Scotland lightship at 7 P. M. 6th.

**Str. City of Everett*, Philadelphia for Boston, was 26 miles S of Fire Island lightship at noon 6th.

**Str. J. M. Guffey*, Port Arthur for New York, was 45 miles S of Scotland lightship at 6 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Tagus* (Br), Bermuda for New York, was 246 miles SE of Scotland lightship at 7 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Panama*, Cristobal for New York, was 376 miles S of Scotland lightship at 8 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Maracaibo*, Mayaguez for New York, was 710 miles S of Scotland lightship at 8 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Lampasas*, Galveston for New York, was 610 miles S of Scotland lightship at 8 P. M. 6th.

**Str. New Orleans*, Philadelphia for Providence, passed Barnegat at 9 A. M. 6th.

**Str. Nantucket*, Baltimore for Boston, passed Absecon at 8:45 A. M. 6th.

**Str. Saramacca* (Dutch), New York for Demerara, was 625 miles S of Scotland lightship at 8 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Prinz August Wilhelm* (Ger), New York for Kingston, &c., passed Waiting Island at 8 A. M. 6th.

**Str. City of Augusta*, Boston for Savannah, was 218 miles SW of Gay Head at 8 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Indian*, Philadelphia for Jacksonville, was 31 miles S of Cape Henry at noon 6th.

**Str. Excelsior*, Havana for New Orleans, was 20 miles NW of Tortugas at 7 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Ligonier*, Beverly for Port Arthur, was 90 miles W of Tortugas at 7 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Antilla*, New York for Tampico, passed Fowey Rock at 7:45 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Currier*, Cienfuegos for New Orleans, was 443 miles S of South Pass at 8 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Comal*, New York for Tampa and Mobile, was 140 miles S of Egmont Key at 8 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Sao Paulo* (Braz), New York for South American ports, was 129 miles SE of Scotland lightship at 8 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Tuscan*, Boston for Philadelphia, passed Absecon at 7 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Juniata*, Boston for Baltimore, passed Absecon at 7:30 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Essex*, Providence for Baltimore, was 6 miles N of Northeast End lightship at 7 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Alamo*, New York for Brunswick, was 543 miles S of Scotland lightship at 7 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Herman Frasch*, Portland for Sabine, was 320 miles W of Tortugas at 7 P. M. 6th.

**Str. S. V. Luckenbach*, New York for San Juan, was 915 miles S of Scotland lightship at 7 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Colon*, New York for Cristobal, was 1,608 miles S of Scotland lightship at noon 6th.

**Str. Brazos*, New York for Galveston, was 419 miles E of Galveston bar at 8 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Merrimack*, Baltimore for Jacksonville, passed Tybee lightship at 8 P. M. 6th.

**Str. City of Atlanta*, New York for Savannah, was 330 miles S of Scotland lightship at 7:50 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Sun*, Philadelphia for Sabine, was 45 miles S of Cape Henlopen at 7 P. M. 6th.

**Str. Tennyson* (Br), New York for South American ports, was 235 miles SE of Scotland lightship at noon 6th.

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Board of Trustees

On November 29th last Mr. Robert H. Montgomery, of New York, was duly appointed and qualified as trustee of the United Wireless Telegraph Company by United States District Court for the Southern District of Maine, in the place of Seldon Bacon, whose resignation was previously tendered and accepted. Mr. Montgomery is a member of the firm of Lybrand, Ross Bros. & Montgomery, who are among the leading accountants in New York City, and it is deemed fortunate for the interests of the Company that a choice of a new trustee has fallen upon Mr. Montgomery, inasmuch as his expert knowledge of bookkeeping and accounting will enable him to systematize the books and business methods of the Company and make it possible for him to keep in close touch with the actual daily business of the office and cope with the difficult business questions that daily arise. Mr. Montgomery has already instituted methods by which each month it can be shown just what the expenses of the business conducted by the trustees have been, and just what the receipts are, showing whether or

not the business is being conducted at a profit at the present time.

The second item of news which will be of interest to stockholders and creditors of the Company, is that the trustees succeeded in placing certificates for the sum of seventy-five thousand (\$75,000) dollars for the purpose of taking care of outstanding accounts and receivership fees and disbursements in different jurisdictions, and also as a fund to be used by the trustees in the conduct of the business of the Company. The numerous accounts and liabilities in different parts of the country that were created by virtue of the several State receiverships, which accounts constituted a lien on the property in the hands of the trustees have all been gotten in and tabulated including also all outstanding merchandise accounts created during the various receiverships in the State Courts and in bankruptcy, and practically all of the merchandise accounts and most of such fees have been paid.

In regard to the litigation being conducted by the trustees through their counsel, against George A. Parker, in Seattle, Washington, the infor-

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mation has just arrived from the address there, that the preliminary injunction which was prayed for tying up the back property there, has been granted upon the strong affidavits prepared in behalf of the trustees in the case, except as to two pieces of property which it is expected might be released under the laws peculiar to the State of Washington; the bond originally required to be increased to the sum of twenty-five thousand (\$25,000) dollars.

On November 16th, the trustees pursuant to advice of their counsel, Messrs. Woodman & Whitehouse, caused an involuntary petition in bankruptcy to be filed by Attorney Saul S. Myers, of New York, against Christopher C. Wilson in the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York, and on the 28th day of November, Judge Hough, of said District Court, appointed Jesse Watson, of New York, as receiver of the estate of Wilson in bankruptcy, and also granted an order for the examination of numerous witnesses under the bankruptcy act who are thought to possess knowledge in regard to Wilson's affairs. Investigations are also being made as to Wil-

son's property holdings in Colorado and Texas, which are expected to yield results in the near future. Proper legal action is also about to be taken against the other directors who are in any way liable for fraud or negligence and who are believed to possess any property.

REORGANIZATION PROCEEDINGS.

On December 5th, a meeting of Philadelphia and other stockholders looking toward reorganization of the Company, led by Frederick I. J. Hanson, Charles F. Freihof, Joseph M. Steele and other Philadelphia stockholders was held in the city of Philadelphia, at which about thirty stockholders were in attendance, and at this meeting after some discussion of the situation and methods of reorganization, a committee of three was appointed to attend a meeting of stockholders for purposes of reorganization, for which circulars had been sent out by New York stockholders to be held at the office of Saul S. Myers, Esq., 60 Wall street, New York City, on December 16th. At this New York meeting approximately one hundred and fifty stockholders from all parts of the country were present, and Arthur P. West, vice-president of the National Surety Company presid-

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ed. The trustees and their counsel who were in the city, were by resolution specially requested to attend the meeting and give such information as they possessed to the stockholders present, and in pursuance of the resolution, the trustees John Howard Hill and Robert H. Montgomery appointed as their counsel Mr. Robert T. Whitehouse and a statement as to the approximate assets and liabilities of the Company was made by Mr. Whitehouse to the meeting, and also a report of the situation as to outstanding litigation. Judge Hill, as trustee, also spoke briefly stating that the position of the trustees in regard to reorganization matters was that it was not proper for them to endorse or support any particular group or faction of stockholders, but that when the stockholders had united upon any definite plan, then the trustees would be glad to receive and consider any propositions. As a result of this meeting after a lengthy discussion the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That in view of the incomplete information now at hand relative to the affairs of the United Wireless Telegraph Company, a committee, consisting of Arthur P. West, R. M.

Owen, R. H. Armstrong and Frederic G. Lee, be appointed to ascertain as nearly as possible the present financial condition of the Company; the future prospects, the status of the patent litigation and to prepare a list of the legitimate stockholders of the Company; that as soon as this information is compiled, it be transmitted to all of the stockholders, who, in the judgment of the committee have acquired their stock innocently, and that all stockholders be requested to inform the committee, as a matter of information only, and not as binding upon them, their desires of reorganization of the Company and their willingness to pay an assessment on their stock sufficient to take the Company out of bankruptcy and to furnish it with necessary working capital to carry on its business.

It being understood that the amount of the proposed assessment, if made, would depend entirely on the total stock, the holders of which announce their willingness to join in a plan of reorganization. The expense of such investigation to be charged against the reorganization committee, and to be reimbursed to them only in the event of a successful reorganization of the Company.

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Resolved, That a committee of three, consisting of the chairman of the meeting, Mr. Arthur P. West, Mr. Fox, of New Haven, and Robert T. Whitehouse of Portland, Maine, be appointed a committee to select six bona fide stockholders to be added to the committee of four above referred to.

Pursuant to the above resolution appointing Mr. West, Mr. Fox and Mr. Whitehouse nominating committee to select six stockholders to be added to the committee of four, already chosen; the last named gentlemen met and on December 21st made the following report:

"Report of the nominating committee appointed December 16th, at a meeting of the stockholders of the United Wireless Telegraph Company, held at 60 Wall street, to nominate six additional members of the Committee of Inquiry in addition to Arthur P. West, R. M. Owen and Robert H. Armstrong and Frederic G. Lee, previously elected at said meeting.

"We, the undersigned, having been selected at a meeting of the stockholders of the United Wireless Telegraph Company, held at 60 Wall street on December 16, 1911, to select six additional members of the Committee of

Inquiry of said Company, herewith present the following report:

"That said committee met on December 16, 1911, at 4 P. M., and again on December 21, 1911 at 11 A. M., and after investigation of inquiry, chose the following six additional members whom they believe to be bona fide and representative stockholders of the United Wireless Telegraph Company, and fully qualified to act on such committee, and possessing proper qualification to make them desirable members of such committee:

George L. Fox, New Haven, Conn.; Charles F. Freihofer, Philadelphia, Pa.; Joseph M. Steele, Philadelphia, Pa.; John E. Farwell, Claremont, N. H.; Arnold W. Brunner, Paterson, N. J.; George W. Whiteside, New York City.

As many of the committee above chosen as possible are expected to attend a meeting of stockholders at Philadelphia, to be held on December 30th next, and to use their best efforts to secure harmonious and co-operative plan for investigation and reorganization.

ARTHUR P. WEST,

GEORGE L. FOX,

ROBERT T. WHITEHOUSE.

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Common Nautical Terms

Longitude ..	Distance directly east or west of the Meridian of Greenwich.	Bower Anchor ..	A working anchor, kept ready for immediate use.
Altitude	Angular distance of the Pole above the horizon.	Sheet Anchor	A spare anchor, reserved for occasions of urgency.
Sextant	An instrument for measuring a required angle by the manipulation of mirrors.	Log	An instrument towed by the vessel, by which the distance sailed is ascertained.
Dead Reckoning	A method of finding a ship's approximate position from the course steered and distance run.	Log (Log-book)	Official daily record of the ship's proceedings.
Equinox	Equal length of day and night occurring toward the end of March and September.	Aft (abaft) ..	Toward the stern or end of the vessel.
Nautical Mile or Knot	The sixtieth part of a degree. Six knots may be roughly taken as equal to 7 miles.	Forward ...	Toward the bow or front of the vessel.
Chart	A sea map.	Starboard ..	The right-hand side of the ship looking forward.
Fathom	Six feet.	Port	The left-hand side of the ship looking forward.
Soundings ..	Depth of water in fathoms, or feet at low water of spring tides.	Port	State-room window.
Drift Current	Movement of the surface of the sea.	Weather-side.	The side of the ship toward the wind.
Flood-tide ..	Rising tide.	Lee-side	The side away from the wind.
Ebb-Tide ...	Falling tide.	Fore-and-aft.	Lengthwise with the ship.
Spring-tide .	High-tide caused by the sun and moon being on the meridian together, or in opposition.	Thwartship..	Crosswise to the ship.
Neap-tide ...	Low tide caused by the sun and moon being furthest apart.	Mid-ship ...	Toward the middle or "waist" of a ship, equi-distant from the bow and stern.
Height of Tide	Difference between level of high-water and that of low-water.	Poop	A raised deck toward the stern.
Age of the Tide	Difference of time between the moon's transit and appearance at the tide.	Fo'castle	The "fore castle"—seamen's quarters.
Deadlight ...	A covering of wood or metal for a port, used in severe weather.	Gloryhole ...	Steward's quarters.
		Galley	Kitchen.
		Alleyway ...	Passageway.
		Bulkhead	Partition.
		Scupper	Channel for water.
		Rolling	Motion of a ship from side to side.
		Pitching	Plunging of a ship's head in the sea, causing up-and-down movement.
		Scending	A mixture of rolling and pitching.
		Latitude	Distance directly north or south of the Equator.

"A TRIP ON A TRAMP STEAMER"



t h e strange sounds of the English language. "We get a current from the ship's dynamo," began the operator. "W a t ees you speak he is?" asked the Mexican. "Maquina generatriz de las corrientes electricas," answered Sparks in Spanish. "Then this is transformed into an alternating current, through my generator, here.. From here it is passed through the key broken into dots and dashes, then sent to the transformer," he paused for wind for the second spasm.

The large trim old tramp was four hours past her sailing time, still bound tight to the New York pier, and the heavy booms swinging in freight, with all the men that the stevedore could engage to rush her through.

The pilot and the captain on the bridge, talking over old sea voyages and referring to men both well knew, waiting for orders to proceed, as one would say with their toe to the mark, all prepared for the journey south to Havana, Cuba, and Tampico, Mexico.

Aft on the upper deck were five passengers, not as one would imagine feeling glum to think they were aboard of a tramp freight ship, but instead very busy, on what you may ask, well, if you were ever a passenger you might answer that question in your own mind, but making my description more clear, I will say in the wireless room. "Why do freight ships have wireless?" Certainly, and they have a board where from six to ten pages of the latest news is posted each day. A man and his wife were doing all the talking to the smiling operator, he must smile to make his work complete. "Now, young man," says papa passenger, "I have heard and read a lot of wireless, please be kind enough to explain it to us," he finished with an important grunt. The operator cleared his throat and a Mexican passenger in the background, pushed forward to hear better

tes electricas," answered Sparks in Spanish. "Then this is transformed into an alternating current, through my generator, here.. From here it is passed through the key broken into dots and dashes, then sent to the transformer," he paused for wind for the second spasm.

"What is you name this?" broke in the Mexican, who could not travel so fast with the English, yet very much interested. "Transformador," said Sparks again, trying to use the Span-





ish language, as the natives do. "From here it is sent through the condenser jars, you see there. Yes, they are empty now, but when the machinery is in motion, they contain ninety thousand volts. Here, this thing that looks like a bird cage, is the helix, you see this is the last thing put in a station, and it also has the last name on the list.

Isn't it pretty? I think I will name my first Helix. After all this performance the current is very fast and irritable, it shoots out on the wires overhead, and has the same effect as if you dropped a stone in a still pool of water. Our waves are formed thus, carrying with them a vibration or oscillation, manufactured on the spark

gap. The current from the condensers is called oscillating current." Sparks finished putting on his telephones, and posed. Papa passenger seemed dazed trying to follow the operator's explanation. Finally a wakening, adjusted

his glasses. "Thanks, young man, you have done well, but I don't know any more than I did before I came in."

"Papa," said Miss Sixteen-Year-Old Daughter, "don't he talk nice. Ask him to say it again, it is just like a foreign language. Maybe Henry will learn it, he is so bright." Then looking at her brother of fourteen with admiration.



"No," said Henry wise, "I am going to have a gold mine, that I will find in Mexico."

The ship's telegraph rings, the tug at her side started coughing out cinders and the old sea boat swung away from dock on her trip South.

"Sparks," as the wireless man is called, threw in his switch, started his generator, with a cracking sound that all passengers fear, reported his ship away from dock, looking up the room was empty.

Four pleasant days brought the ship along the Florida Coast. The beautiful warm sun, beating down on the blue waves, makes one love the sea. The little flying-fish raising four or five feet above the surface, flies until he loses power and drops to his watery home. The chief officer walking along deck was stopped, by Henry, the kid passenger. "Say, mister, has the flying-fish feathers?" Another time Miss Sixteen-Year-Old saw a porpoise leap out of the water. Running up to the captain she asked, "How much did he weigh?" He paused and smiled.

At last running along the Cuban Coast, we run into the gateway of Havana, there stands the old Morro Castle, on one side.

A short stay here, then we leave for Mexico. This country is noted for its street cars so beautiful and large, also its large drays. But in the Plaza and

on the water front, the view is foreign and pretty. Five days the large ship discharges cargo and loads at the same time, her heavy booms are kept busy day and night.

As we are nearly loaded, our ship will bid Mexico farewell and sail for the glorious country of U. S. A.—*F. O. Carty.*

Why Not?

Wouldn't it be a good idea to put blinkers on men who shy at a legitimate investment but tamely shove their noses in the sixty-per-cent-dividend trough?—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*



Going Down

The physician turned to the office patient in the canvas coat and leggings.

"You must follow my directions implicitly," he said, handing him a small vial of liquid. "You are to take three drops in water every four hours!"

"Three drops in water every four hours!" ejaculated the patient, in a bewildered manner. "And I'm an aviator!"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Bought and Paid For

Now running at the Playhouse, on 48th street near Broadway, is a comedy, which has for its plot the marriage problem and is the old story of a young girl's mistake in life. Mr. Broadhurst, the writer of the play, relieves the serious parts with a vein of comedy running through it. It is supported by a strong company, and well acted, and has been so great a success that the management has determined to let this drama remain in undisputed possession of the theatre until the end of the current season.

Every means is tried to make the telephone girl reveal the number the insurgent leader has just called, but as she overheard the warning sent over the wire, stood by her sex. Even to offers of a bribe and threats of arrest and imprisonment.

The play is made real by many convincing effects of character and good acting. The insurgents win in the end, and the climax is harrowing, but everything comes out all right.

Motion Pictures

At the Kinemacolor Theatre in 40th Street near Broadway, they are now running a series of motion pictures in natural colors, which are well worth seeing and really wonderful.

The Hippodrome

Sixth Avenue and 43d and 44th Streets, with "Around the World" still holds the public approval with crowded houses evenings and afternoons, and is without doubt the greatest spectacular piece ever brought out at the Hippodrome.

The Woman

Mr. William C. de Mille's latest play, now being performed at the Republic Theatre, in 42d Street near Broadway, is better than any of his earlier ones.

It is a play with a plot that is realistic, and which is carried throughout the performance.

The story is laid in Washington, and the three acts take place in a hotel in that city. It is a strenuous political struggle between a corrupt party machine and a rapidly growing insurgent group, led by an apostle of purity who has become a popular idol, but "the machine" discovered in his past life a scandal, which they threaten to expose unless he supports a bill they have before the House, and which he is working to defeat.

They have not, however, been able to discover the woman's name, and without it their story is useless.

The Little Millionaire

A musical farce at Cohan's Theatre on Broadway near 43d street. The story of the play is of a father and son who are immensely wealthy, the money being inherited from the wife and mother. There is a clause in the will that neither can marry without the consent of the other. The father falls in love with a designing woman and the son with a chorus girl, and are both satisfied with the plans of the other, but about this time the former husband of the lady who the father is in love with appears, and declares that the wedding cannot take place without his consent as he has been paying alimony to the lady for a number of years, and is about to remarry her and save paying this money.

Mr. Cohan is at his best during this play; anyone who has seen him before in others will enjoy this play and have many a good laugh and everything end satisfactorily.

Fish Worth Weight in Gold

At the recent prize display of home-bred goldfish by the Aquarium Society of Philadelphia were shown some of the strangest specimens of "first-water" fish families of Japan and China, and none was worth less than \$15 a head, while many would have tipped the fishman's scales at a weight which would represent their value in gold.

Using the Life-Preserver

"The trouble with a life-preserver," said an old sailor, "is that few people know what to do with one when it's thrown to them. Many a man would drown in trying to get a life preserver over his head. The average person struggling about in the water would try to lift up the big life preserver and put it over his head. That only causes the man to sink deeper and take more water into his lungs.

"The proper way to approach a life-preserver in the water is to take hold of the side nearest you and press upon it with all your weight. That causes the other side to fly up in the air and down over your head, 'ringing' you as neatly as a man ringing a cane at a country fair. After that the drowning man can be rescued."

Possible Solution of a Mystery

The theory advanced by Arctic Explorer Stefansson that the fair-haired, bearded Eskimo dwelling in Victoria Land are descendants of the survivors of Sir John Franklin's lost comrades, whether correct or not, has considerable fascination in it. It was in the fall of 1846 that the *Erebus* and *Terror* were caught in the ice twelve miles north of King William's Land, and in the following June Sir John died. This left Capt. Crozier in command, who at the end of another year deserted the ships with 105 men, as they saw no prospect of ever getting them free again. They hoped to reach an outpost of the Hudson Bay Company but failed.

Thirty-nine rescue parties were sent out to search for them, and while the remains of many of the men were found, some were never accounted for, hence it is believed that they did not perish, but despairing of ever finding their way back to civilization settled down to live out their lives among the natives.

Ships to Get Weather Reports

For the benefit of vessels equipped with wireless an arrangement has been made with the United States Weather

Bureau by the United Wireless Company, whereby weather reports will be sent out daily at 9:30 A. M. These reports will be from the weather bureau offices at the following points: Tatoosh, North Head, Eureka, San Francisco and San Diego.

The reports will be sent in code, as follows: T., 998, 90, 8. The foregoing means at Tatoosh the barometer is 29.98, 90 being the direction of the wind in degrees on the compass and 8 the force of the wind, namely, 8 miles an hour.

The different stations will be designated in the code as, follows: T., Tatoosh; N. H., North Head; E., Eureka; S. F., San Francisco, and S. D., San Diego.

After giving the barometer and direction and force of the wind, a brief résumé of weather conditions will follow in ordinary English.—*The San Francisco Call*.

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First Society Matron—That pretty baby we've just passed is mine.

Second Society Matron—How ever did you know?

First Society Matron—I recognized the nurse.—*Answers*.

Wireless to the Antarctic

The Argentine Government has agreed to establish a wireless station on New Year's Island to open communication with the German Antarctic expedition. The steamer *Deutschland* of that expedition is equipped with wireless apparatus. In this way the expedition will remain in touch with civilization. This is a new feature of ice exploration and may lead to rescue in case of disaster.



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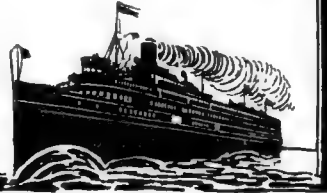
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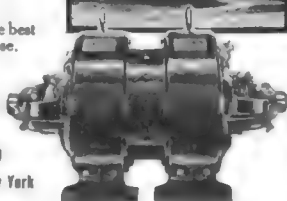
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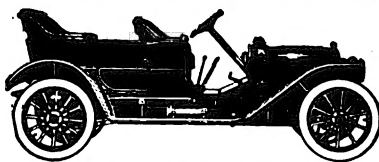
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Quebec S. S. Co.	Chesapeake Line.	Clyde West Indian Line.
Panama R. R. Co.	Eastern S. S. Co.	C. L. Dimon.
Old Dominion S. S. Co.	Maline S. S. Co.	Menhaden Fish Co.
Lloyd Brasileiro.	Bull S. S. Co.	Naval Militia ("Atlantic Coast").
Lamport & Holt S. S. Co.	Havana Coal Co.	Herrera S. S. Co.
Hamburg-American Line.	Merritt & Chapman Wreckg. Co.	Plant Line.
(Atlas Service).	Arbuckle Wrecking Co.	Royal Dutch West India Mail.
Clyde S. S. Co.	Cuba Distilling Co.	Sandy Hook Pilot's Assn.

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Great Lakes Division Shore Stations.

Benton Harbor, Mich.	Detroit, Mich.	Ludington, Mich.
Buffalo, N. Y.	(Great Lakes Eng'g. Works).	Mackinac Island, Mich.
Buffalo News).	Duluth, Minn.	Manitowoc, Wis.
Calumet, Mich.	Frankfort, Mich.	(Wm. Rahr's Sons Malting Co.)
Chicago, Ill.	(Operated by A. A. R. Co.)	Milwaukee, Wis.
(Congress Hotel).	Grand Haven, Mich.	Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
Cleveland, O.	Grand Marais, Minn.	Manistique.
(Schofield Bldg.)	Isle Royal (Lake Superior).	(Operated by A. A. R. Co.)

United Wireless System Installed on Steamers of Following Lines: (Great Lakes Division.)

Eastland Nav. Co.	Goodrich Arans. Co.	Booth Trans. Co.
Northern S. S. Co.	Vulcan S. S. Co.	Detroit & Buffalo S. S. Co.
Northern Mich. Trans. Co.	Ann Arbor R. R. & S. S. Lines.	Chicago & Duluth Trans. Co.
Graham & Morton Trans. Co.	Whitney Bros. Co.	Penn. & Ontario Trans. Co.
Shenango S. S. Co.	U. S. Naval Militia.	Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Co.
Pere Marquette R. R. Co.	Chicago & South Haven S. S. Co.	Marquette & Bessemer Nav. Co.
Detroit & Cleveland Nav. Co.	Crawford Trans. Co.	Indiana Transportation Co.

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Pacific Coast Division Shore Stations.

Ketchikan, Alaska.	Friday Harbor, Wash.	San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Juneau, Alaska.	Seattle University Grounds.	Los Angeles, Cal.
Nak Nek, Alaska.	Astoria, Ore.	("Examiner" Bldg.)
Krichak, Alaska.	Marshfield, Ore.	San Pedro, Cal.
Carluck, Alaska.	(Coos Bay).	Catalina Islands, Cal.
Nushagak, Alaska.	Eureka, Cal.	(Avalon).
Clark's Point, Alaska.	San Francisco, Cal.	
	(Crocker Tract).	

United Wireless System Installed on Steamships of Following Lines: (Pacific Coast Division.)

Alaska Coast Co.	Olson and Mahoney.	Matson Navigation Co.
Alaska Pacific Co.	Port of Portland, Oregon.	New England Fish Co.
Alaska Steamship Co.	Sudden & Christensen.	Pacific Coal & Transp. Co.
Chlocock Fish Co.	San Francisco & Portland S. S. Co.	Pacific Coast S. S. Co.
Humboldt S. S. Co.	Tow Company (Farneson & Hubbard)	Pacific Mail S. S. Co.
Independent S. S. Co.	Winnington Transportation Co.	Puget Sound Salvage Co.
Chas. Nelson Co.	Alaska Packers' Assn.	Puget Sound Tugboat Co.
North Pacific S. S. Co.	Associated Oil Co.	Pacific Navigation Co.
Oceanic S. S. Co.	Canadian-Australian Royal Mail Line.	Union S. S. Co. of New Zealand.
San Juan Fish Co.	Canadian-Pacific Railway Co.	American Hawaiian S. S. Co.
Standard Oil Co.	Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Co.	Union S. S. of Calif.
C. A. Smith Lumber Co.	Great Northern S. S. Co.	Pollard S. S. Co.
(Associated Transportation Co.)	Inland Navigation Co.	E. J. Dodge Co.
Union Oil Co.	Calif. & Oregon S. S. Co.	A. F. Peterbrook Co.
Hicks-Hauptman Lumber Co.	Chas. R. McCormick & Co.	C. H. Higgins, Agent.

European Division.

Wilson Line.	Geskysten Whaling Co.	Denaby & Cadaby Main Collieries Co., Ltd.
H. & W. Nelson Line, Ltd.	Royal Mail Stm. Pckt. Co.	

This Company's System is operative with any other system and is inter-communicative with stations whose governments have ratified the Berlin Treaty.

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